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New Hope, Mo., April 22, 1873.

The Lincoln County Herald PUBLISHER LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

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A NOVEL SPOILED.

[From Scribner's for May.]

The beroine was not beautiful to begin with, not queenly, nor in any wire re markable. She was just a plump, win-some little maiden, and she stood at the garden gate, that moonlit Sunday even ing, with an air the very reverse of state liness and composure, pulling leaves from the rose bush near by with nervous fluttering fingers, that did not even know Will be in Troy from time to time, due notice of which visits will be given in the local papers.

Will be in Troy from time to time, due notice the gate was a tall figure, a face bronzed and bearded, and a low voice. There was a moment's pause, then the voice questioned, with a dash of bitter-

"Shall I go, Maggie?"

"Just an you please, Mr. Cifford :" whereupon the questioner turned sud denly about and strode rapidly down the country road, crushing the glittering sand under his feet, while Maggie sped into the house, up to her room, and bolted her door as if afraid of being pur-Missouri. sued. She peeped through a window, from behind the curtain, until the louely pedestrian on the quiet road had van ished from sight; then she assured her self that "if Tom chose to act so-so-she didn't care !" and proved her utter indifference by burying her face in her pillow with a burst of sobs, and entire forgetfulness of the pansies in her pretty

> They had quarreled about nothing-at least she couldn't remember what it began with-but of course it was all over be tween them now, and he would go away as he had said. She wondered, as she lay with her flushed face turned toward the stars, how it would seem to die that night, and go away from it all. Wouldn't somebody be sorry then? She almost wished she could do it—not quite, because one doesn't like to stop in the middle of a story, even if it is one's own ;

Tom, on his homeward walk, discoursed furiously to himself upon the breaking a fellows heart for," he re marked savagely, though with a queer there was nothing now to hold him back. I'm alive!" He would resign his place in the village

a way of doing up the world and her fly," when a voice interrupted him. washing together.

Lactede Stables, by the above proprietors, are, Polly, with a snap that shook out a pair eyes laughed at Billy.

se they have always been, a few doors east of of wet hose and her words at the same "Cause.—I guess.—I'm thinkin' what Withrow's saddle shop, where the proprietors time; "not unless I view my waghin' the I'll do," he responded with slow gravity, will always be pleased to see their friends. same way these new style poets do the neither disturbed nor astonished by her robe of rightsousness, and think a mighty sudden presence. little is the whole on's. One clean stockin' is enough 'cordin to them. No know all that now, and I guess I won't

I don's believe no such ! "Why, of course; to be sure!" ad mitted Miss Becky, with mild indefinite.

"Carious what kinds of folks this world does hold anyhow!" pursued Miss your by laws. Some of 'em says it's a Billy's blue eyes brightened. Down to be sick. 'Pears to me, if that's so, the sicker you get the wickeder you must be, and dyin' would seem fitter to send folks to the readily as though he had been older. It makes things look considerable mixed."

tangled yellow curis appeared in the

doorway.
But Miss Polly was too busy to notice, eral straightening up of her mental pantny, she had just found another article to be labeled and put away.

think so! There's them reformin' we- it was a long search, bowever, since the men what go about lecturin' and wantin' laws fixed, and men to give 'em their one they knew anything shout; more rights. Land sakes! why don't they over it was narrow, and well suited to jest take their rights? If there's any their purpose in that, thing they want to do, and can do, why don't they stop talkin's and do it? Who's going' to hinder him 'em? They're just like Mrs. Jones when she wants to cross the field where the cows are. She'll stand on the fence and shoo! and swing the work bag and flap her parssol, and cry, 'Gas out there!' when the critters are so busy eaten' grass that they never with all their united strength and most 'Outc.' si are so busy caten' grass that they never with all their united strength and most

"And me too; yes, I think so," ob body, and more, too, for all I know, if

tub, and surveying the suds from that but Carlie was unsatisfied Presently a point. "Puts me clear out of patience pile of bean poles in a neighboring lot to hear all this talk about its spilin' wo- suggested an idea of relief, and the chilbe kept cool and not shook up muchand callin' us 'ministerin' angels,' all the time. Do I look much like an angel, Becky Murray?"

The resemblance was not very striking as she stood there with her sleeves rolled up, her bare arms akimbo, a wet check apron pinned about her, and her nose decorated with a streak of blueing. Conscientious Miss Becky surveyed the stout

form rather doubtfully.
"Well, to be sure! That is, you're as good as the most, Polly-better'n-most, nearly upright against the cart. Partly and, beside, what good would his remorse Polly; but then there's the wings and for coolness to herself, partly by way of do her if she never could know anything things; they'd make considerable differ about it?

"Guess you'll get wings sometime, Aunt Polly. Wish I had some now," fickleness and perversity of all woman-reflected Billy, with a plashing of his exclaimed Billy, pantingly "How much hands in the water that at once recalled do you spose we'll make?" Miss Poly to matters terrestrial.

"Mercy! what is the young one up to moping there. The world was wide, and bottom of it to stick a mast in, as sure as

"Well, Maggie wouldn't tell me stories,

no inexporienced fingers to intermeddle nodding of the tall, good natured sun-in her washing, and lame Aunt Becky, flowers. He seated himself on the grass, Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Ag'ts, in the kitchen adjoining. No ordinary a poppy-bed, and leaning his small el- made it, and we'll let you through ifroom, where Aunt Becky could enjoy between his palms, and dropped into a pied the fluttering white sun bonnet, and her arm chair and ner knitting together fit of childish meditation. With no past seeing so favorable an opportunity to be that pipe so horribly mixed up that it eagerly, into the cold, dark, night air. A with Aunt Polly's discourse. The latter to remember, no care to make anxious, frightened, sprang suddenly to one side, day. Possibly being surrounded by tubs and piles of linen suggested, vaguely, a pulpit or speaker's stand, or perhaps, having had all day Sunday to think in.

her oranged and shaking out and small showledge of possibilities to flung his unsuspecting rider to the ground, and sped away up the road and fro, and to and fro again, and them wheelburrow, and when he got through again. Tom rolled over and sat up in a bewildered sort of way, got upon his feet bewildered sort of way, got upon his feet bewildered sort of way, got upon his feet slowly, brushed the dust from his clothes other together, and mount them once other together. her opinions needed shaking out and sides selecting a particularly soft, fleecy and looked after smoothing before they were laid away for cloud, in the far-off blue, to serve as his a long whistle. the week. At any rate, Miss Polly had bed at night, "after it got too dark to

"Can't say I am," responded Miss under a white sun bonnes, merry brown

"What you'll do when you're big? I into, so he managed to keep one foot out ! damsel, her nimble tongue crowding in the words so thick and fast that she contrived to utter a dozen in the time

Billy would have required for one.
"What?" asked Billy slowly, bat with an awakening gleam of currouity.

"Keep a toll gate-that's what. I Polly, gazing meditatively into the know all about 'em, for me and papa rode lowed to make himself quite at home depths of her tub. "There's them that through in a carriage, and I did see it He had been recognized at once; and As they can be bought anywhere in their brains is so particlar healthy, across the road, so folks can't get their brains is so particlar healthy, across the road, so folks can't get their brains is so particlar healthy, across the road, so folks can't get through, and then they pay you to open always a talkin' about it. You must do it; and you don't have anything to do this, and you musn't do s'other, for fear but just live in a nice funny little house,

"I guess I'll do that too," he an-

nounced.

your tub?" interposed a small voice; end of the lane, sud if we have it there and a pair of blue eyes and a head of then they'll have to pay."

But Miss Polly was too busy to notice, Maggie had cars for sething that at any needle but knitting needles, but even when the little navigator took silence morning but a footstep that did not come. Maggie could do it slick as you please." for consent, and plunged into her rinso and Aunt Polly was too busy in footing water with his treasures. In this gen after the whole creation to pay any ape ciat attention to her own small corner of the villege -if it wouldn't be too much

it : so there was pobody to observe the e to be labeled and put away.

"All sorte to make a world! I should favorable locality for their enterprise. road at the end of the hane was the only

"I don't know how we'll stop it up. notice her no way, and she might cross a vigorous efforts, but they persevered dozen times if she'd a mind to." until the task was accomplished.

"I thought it was big enough to reach served Miss Becky, counting her stitches.
"But then I don't say some folks disappointedly. "Anybody could just haven't as good a right to vote as any go around the side of it, if they wanted to, and never pay a cent."

they be women," pursued Miss Polly, Billy expressed a valuant determination frisking around to the other side of her to "knock any fellow down that tried it," men-s'if we was a lot of eggs that must | dren, in high spirits, once more proceeded to appropriate them. They could carry but one at once, but gradually they piled them up, with one end on the feuce and the other resting upon the cart. quite forgetting in their zeal for a thorough barricade to make any arrangement for opening their gate when the required toll should be paid. It was slow, toil some building; but the two little faces though flushed and perspiring, were also triumphaat as they gazed upon the complete structure, with its last pole standing ornament to the edifice, Carlie removed her sun bonnet from her head and hung

it upon the highest point. "Bet nobody can get through that !"

let's stay out doors."

and looked after his retreating steed with

stop him now until he gets home, so I dow. But she doesn't lose her patience. "Well, it isu? likely onything will washing together.

"Why don's you play with me, Billy might as well stay and pull this thing down. What possessed you two young-perating rigging on, with a length of pipe down. What possessed you two young-under cash arm, and a long handled sters"—and there Tom paused, laughed. tiny hands grasped the pickets, and from and grew more like his good natured broom in her hand, and says she don't under a white sun bonnes, merry brown self than he had been for twenty four see how it is some people never have hours. The defiant, indignant, disap pointed expression of those dirty little you miss the hammer. You don't see it faces was irresistible. Carlie protested anywhere. You stare into the pipe, stoutly when the strong hand began to along the mantle, and down on the stove, and explained, and the final promise of a you, and is finally thoughtful enough to ride in the cart, when he relied it back inquire what you are looking after, and him tremble, and place a skate strap in matter how much mud a body has gone wait to grow either!" rattled the little up the lane, effected a satisfactory capit-

ulation. The "toll gate" disposed of, Tom's next move was to follow his horse, and he speedily discovered that the wise animal had not taken the trouble to go home, but had stopped near by, at a place where he had frequeetly been al He had been recognized at once; and saddled, bridled, but riderless, awakened suspicions of evil. The trio of women it with an intensity that is entirely un had gathered about him in the yard— called for. All the while your position Aunt Polly with hands dripping from the suds, Aunt Becky leaning upon her crutch, and Maggie pale and trembling adventures, he should, according to all precedent, have broken a limb in falling by asking if you are going to be all day "Long of me?."

"Long of me?."

"Yee," said Billy accepting the part- been carried into the house and have had are made of cast iton, and then the broom Polly," suggested Miss Becky, silevisted in the particular of singly.

"Yes," said Billy accepting the particular of singly.

"Humph? Well, I should think there was. But everybody can't expect to get killed that way, though the companies offer great inducements," muttered Miss Polly, and the companies of folks go 'long the road down by the way that way the polly, can't I sail ships in syngr tuh?" interposed a small voice; and if we have it there was nothing at all the mat the control of the lane, and if we have it there was nothing at all the mat the chair tilts forward enough to discost. Aunt Polly can't I sail ships in syngr tuh?" interposed a small voice; and in the and have had a gradual reconciliation through slow, and there have not have had a gradual reconciliation through slow, and in the had a begins off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the pipe comes down with its load of fried soot, and then the broom of the house and have had a gradual reconciliation through slow, and in her endeavor to delicious, convalescence—a mixture of folicy in the house and have had a gradual reconciliation through slow, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the boops are off—It was nothing at all the mat the chair tilts forward enough to distort the chair tilts forward enough to down with its load of fried soot, and there was nothing at all the mat the chair tilts forward enough to distort the chair tilts forward enough to distort the chair tilts forward enough the chair tilts for

"Yes," said Billy once more, and lift-ing the latch of the gate, he slipped out. to be sure, and Becky was no great hand Maggie could do it slick as you please."
The owner assented with electity. "It did look rather badly to wear through

trouble to just out a stitch in ta."
He watched the color come back into the face bens so steadily over that piece of darwing; watched the white fingers busy with their task, and semarked sig-

"What e talent you have for making things right again."

"After other people have made them crooked," added Maggie, promptly. "I doe't think those threads will show

that they were ever separated.' Maggie vouchsafed no reply to that, and he looked on in silence a few min-"There! the breach is nearly healed.

"Oute," she said, clipping the thread "le it?" he asked so suddenly that she looked up, and then his eyes would have an answer, and she couldn't keep her heart out of hers.

So that was the end of it-a long story cut short in the most commonplace

And Polly absolutely left the world at large to take care of itself for several successive wash days while she planned Maggie's outfit. Tom never went to Arizona at all, but kept his place in the him at the door and receives a double entrance fee, because he says he shall And Maggie thinks, with a throb of guides our destinies. Yes, they are simple souls and better satisfied with

Domestic Experience.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises fourfifths of the mischief and all the dust. be feels around for the eye of the needle in You may take down a stove with all the a very careful and judicious manner, but care in the world, and have your wife eventually losing his philosophy as the "Dollar, may be," replied the sanguine put away the pipe in a secure place, and Carlie, her eyes growing round with the stupendous prospect. "I'm too tired to as it was before. You will find this out savage manner, and it is just then the One thing was certain, he would not stay and punched a hole clear through the build any little house to live in to-day; when you are standing on a chair with needle finds the opening, and comes your arms full of pipe and your mouth through the button and part way through Out of doors was very pleasant. They full of soot. Your wife is standing on the thumb with a celerity that no bumsn sat down on the soft grass that edked the road, and curled the long stems of dan see you, the pipe and the chair, and here lays down the things with a few familiar Yes, he would take the first morning train for the city, and tell Cotter he would go; there was fortunately time enough for that yet, and if it left brief space for preparation, so much the better. He should not wait for the people to change their opinion, he thought, fancy in the first morning and my tops broke, an I did nt know nothin else to do," affirmed Billy, defendation while they waited for their fortune delion while they waited for their fortune to come; growing so interesting in their occupation at last, that they had almost occupation at last, that they had almost for gotten that they were waiting for anything, when a horse and rider came anything, when a horse and rider came dashing down the road, and Tom Clifford, their opinion, he thought, fancy light in her eyes whereby the angel in change their opinion, he thought, fancy ing that by "people" be meant Miss her flashed into sight for an instant, "all Maggie, but, in reality, fearing more a the splashin in the world can't make an faltering of purpose in a party. ocean in a wash tub; older folks than suitor, bent upon rushing to the ends of lot of flour on her chin, and sitogether puts on his pants and festens them to-TROY, MISSOURI.

Let the Sunday night be what it may, Will practice in all the courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collections and to the sale and purchase and leasing of real cetate. Abstracts of titles, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on short notice. Large number of valuable of the stands and undisturbed.

Let the Sunday night be what it may, you have tried it. Run out in the yard you have tried it. Run out in the yard the earth, to be stayed in his course by she is a spectacle that would inspire a gether with a stick, and goes to Lis business. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling on Jefferson street ranged a saw buck, a bettracts of titles, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on she panels and fastens them to-gether with a stick, and goes to Lis business a changed man.—Daubury News.

The June sunshine fell soft and bright upon the quaint, honely old garden, and so the two beam morning, since it left her at liberty to slit with her sewing in a quiet corner by a window, unquestioned and undisturbed.

The June sunshine fell soft and bright courts of the Nineteenth and play, there's a good boy."

The June sunshine fell soft and bright courts and mortgages made out when the moment he caught the rustle of the earth, to be stayed in his course by she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are the certainly exasperating. Nevertheless, he certainly exasperating. Nevertheless, he awful courtrainess of the pipe, and telling on Jefferson street ranged a saw buck, a billy was quite reconciled to his banishing and satisfied young faces peered out it, she stands safely on the floor flour on ner chin, and slogether with a stick, and goes to Lis business a changed man.—Daubury News.

A FEARPUL JOKE—A dreawfal boy on Jefferson street ranged a saw buck, a street with a stick, and goes to Lis business and least the same. A feather with a stick, and goes to the w of real estate. Abstracts of titles, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on short notice. Large number of valuable of arms for sale at low prices.

Set of titles, warranty of the sale and purchase and teaching in a quiet corner by a sit with her sewing in a quiet c in her washing, and lame Aunt Becky, flowers. He seated himself on the grass, who would stay where Polly was, were dug his bare toes into the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy pipe;" "you know no one has touched that the bell a violent jerk and yelled "fire!" (and the warm earth of the warm Carlie, with dignity. "Me and Billy made it, and we'll let you through if—
But the statement of terms was cut kitchen was this, steaming, soapy, and disconsolate, but a large, pleasant, tidy small trowsers, settled his round chin short. The horse, at that moment es

> You join the ends, and work them to think the pieces are inspired with life, and sche to kick them through the winunder each arm, and a long handled broom in her hand, and says she don't demolish her work; but Tom persuaded and off on the floor. Your wife watches are making the connection, and stares at St. Charles Cosmos. is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin es it drops off, and it seems as if your arms are slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets.

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your wife examining the chair and be monning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbors with her chair, tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry of its sympathy long before

How a Married Man Sews on Buttons. It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew

on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the former, but the latter has depended on some one else for his service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle h mself. Sometimes the patient wife sculds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of the hand. and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to | e a knot in the thread, commence to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needing through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for lee way. He says to himself: "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then be comes back the other way and gots the village store, and goes home to a cozy needle through the cloth cary enough, little nest at night, where Maggie meets and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of jabbing the needle point persists in bucking against owe that to all toll gates his life through the solid parts of the button, and finally when he loses patience, his fingers catch thankfulness, how well it is that a ten the thread, and that three inches be has derer hand than our own wilful ones left to hold the button, slips through fire eye in a twinkling and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it their humdrum happiness than with the up without a single remark, out of resmost poetic nisery; but, also, for their biographer and the ruined volume!

peet for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and i:

before you are aware of it she has got and the family sallied forth, somewhat tled" with the saw buck for full ten mindoctors haven't found out yet which of the six lumps on his face are his eyes, and they could only find his mouth by asking him if it hurt him much, and then stooping down to listen where the swears came from. He hasn't a piece of skin on his leg as big as a twenty-five cent piece, and they had to burn the saw buck to get his shirt off of it, and the wheelbarrow can't be found anwhere, and it is supposed to be sonewhere inside of the unfortunate man. The only way they can rouse him and hold him back to life, is to stand the boy where he can hear on learning, pulls the article from her the invalid's nerveloss hands. And that pocket. Then you feel as if you could boy, he stands there waiting for his fathgo out doors and swear a hole twelve feet ev's convalesence, with a dull throbbing square through a block of brick build- pang in his beart, and his atlas under his ings, but she merely observes: "Why shirt, feeling that a great black shadow on earth don't you speak when you want of woe hangs over his future like a pall, anything, and not stars round like a and she budding spring time or summer, dummy." When that part of the pipe with all its flowers and odor laden zephyre which goes the north the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she will bring no balm to his soul if that keeps it up with her broom, while you atlas slips when the old man gets well .-

"Paws for a reply," as the cat said shen she scratched the dog for barking

Beer may not be intoxicating, but is certainly makes a great many people loss their five centues.

Arkansas newspaper correspondents in the Legislature make assertious and back 'em up by saying : "I've got six bullets which says it's so.